

LITERARY GEMS.

VOL. I.

THE SWEETS OF MANY A FLOWER.

NO. 4.

LUSUS NATURAE.

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Where dwarfs assume the character of giants,
Where splendor laughs to scorn what she should pity,
Where dwell rich advocates and well fleeced clients,
And hordes on hordes, too numerous for my duty—
There lived, for years, a votary of science,
A stern philosopher, a man of parts,
A master of all languages and arts.

He was a searcher for that hidden lore
Which buried lies beneath the dust of ages;
Long over rusty medals would he pore,
With brows all twisted like an ancient sage's,
Prizing them dearer than pure golden ore;
A foe to moths, that banquet on old pages,
He loved quaint books, devices, omens strange,
And things that were above the common range.

Lusus Naturæ was to him as great

A treasure, when discovered, as a mine
To a gold-seeker, or a new estate
To a young spendthrift, or some choice old wine
To him who sits at dinner rather late;
And, more by far than relics of lang syne,
Did he admire the 'inseparable boys'—
Monstra horrenda were his favorite toys.

One day, as lost in deep, forgetful study,
The Doctor sate,—he heard a sudden rap;
And in there stalked a tall and somewhat ruddy
Good-humored-looking, jovial country-chap,
With spatter'd clothes and boots bedimm'd and muddy,
While from his head he never took his cap,
But, marching straightway to the Doctor's side,
With starting eyes and mouth extended, cried—

'Oh, Doctor! I have seen the strangest sight—
A man half black!' 'Half black! upon my word,'
Exclaimed the Doctor, trembling with delight,
'Tis strange, indeed,—half black! I've often heard
Of individuals not wholly white—

A *rara avis* this,—a most rare bird;
Half black? 'Yes, sir, he was, from head to foot,
As black—as black—yes—quite as black as soot.'

'Sit down, sir, if you please; I'll get my book.'—
Here the learn'd Theban on his table spread
A folio spacious—then a pen he took,
With inks that colored were both black and red,
That he might make his annotations look
In hue according with what should be said
About the half black man: first in dark ink
His quill he dipped, and then began to think,

Or rather talk aloud—'One hundred, three;
Yen—that's the page on which I'll note it down;
Lusus Naturæ headed,—let me see,—
Albinas white-eyed, women toasted brown,
Ring-streaked lambs, a monstrous humble-bee,
Child with two heads,—the offspring of a clown,—
Two heads than one are better,—people claim,
Hem! this child's father doubtless thought the same.'

'Here will I draw a line,—and on one side
I will describe in black the half-black part,
The other may be red,'—just then he spied
The stranger smile, and turning, with a start,
The Doctor said, 'Perhaps the man was dyed!'—
The stranger laid his hand upon his heart,—
Upon my honor, there is no deceit;
Half black, he truly was,—head, arms, and feet.'

'Was half his head black? 'Yes.' 'One arm black? 'Yes.'
'One leg black? 'Yes.' 'Foot, ankle, wrist, and hand?'

* We would recommend to the curious in prodigies the perusal of an interesting law case—reported in Wheeler's Criminal Cases, vol. 3, p. 134—entitled the Commissioners of the Alms-House vs. Whistelo. Among the witnesses sworn and examined is the very erudite Doctor who figures in our verses. His great and peculiar knowledge is in the course of his examination surprisingly and magnificently displayed.

'The fact is, Doctor, neither more nor less,—
If now before your eyes the man should stand,
All unrevealed in native loveliness;
And through his countenance, so broad and bland,
And through his body should you draw a mark,
One half would be unutterably dark!'

'What! black as Egypt?' 'Yes, in every sense;
'His darkness might be felt.' The Doctor smiled;
For, though a man of very learned pretence,
He loved a joke,—often had he beguiled
An hour in merry wit, and could dispense
With deepest study, gladly as a child,
On some weak pate a sudden joke to crack.—
The stranger's answers were all down in black.

Now, soberly, the Doctor wiped his pen,
And, gazing round with self complacent air,
Seized the red ink, that he might copy then
The color of the part to be more fair.

'One half as black as Egypt,' said again
The sapient scribe; 'please relate with care,
The hue of 't'other half—white, red, or blue?'
'Why—that, sir, was as black as Egypt, too!'

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAUTICAL LIFE. No. I.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business
in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and His
wonders in the deep. Pa. civ. v. 22, 23.

—there is that Leviathan, whom thou hast made to
play therein. Pa. civ. v. 26.

Do you remember, my dear H., when a short time
ago I was exercising the traveller's privilege of de-
tailing 'hair breadth escapes,' and wondrous adventures
'by flood and field,' in which it had been my fortune
to be engaged,—that you expressed considerable sur-
prise, that I could still feel pleasure in the idea of a
sea life? Do you remember remarking that if it had
been your lot to encounter so discouraging a debut in
nautical adventures, you think you could have shrunk
into the merest hovel, and followed the lowest occupa-
tions, rather than have continued in so dangerous, so
laborious, so unsettled a course of life? I recollect
that I only smiled at your remark at the time,—being
too eagerly engaged in the relation that then was on
the tapis, but I have thought much about it since.

That such surprise would be the feeling of ninety
nine out of every hundred, I am not prepared to dis-
pute;—but that you who have been a close observer
of human nature, and who have seldom been wrong
in your judgment, should arrive at such a conclusion,
I own surprises me. You must be aware, that it is
not the danger, the wild enterprise, or the continued
change, that deters the human mind from the adoption
of any particular course of life,—but an effect the very
contrary, is often produced by those circumstances.—
As well might you wonder that the chamois hunter
of Switzerland, is not deterred from continuing the
chase, which we find to constitute the principal plea-
sure of his life, because his adventures are so terrific,
and his safety so precarious. It is the excitement
which gives the charm, that no sense of danger or
of difficulty can allay. The spirit of enterprise is
natural to man,—and it is you, not I who form an
exception to the general principle. You, whose habits
of quiet and intense study have been formed in in-
fancy, bred up in the midst of sages and philosophers,
and fostered by the delicate frame, and its concomitant,
a timid disposition, which have prescribed and ruled
your after pursuits. Whereas, I, as you well know,
was a bold, strong, audacious boy, ever ready for play,
or even for mischief, rather than for sedentary occu-
pation;—with vigorous health, active limbs, and san-
guine disposition, none but a power to which I must
be subservient, could prevent me, even in early youth,
from dashing into the height of extravagant project
and wild adventure. In this, I am persuaded, I have

only been like all other lads of a similar temperament,
when opportunity has been given for the gratification
of strong desires. In short, I have met with too many
like myself, to doubt it.

Shall I be thought to indulge in a garrulous spirit,
if I attempt now to give you a few reminiscences of
the feelings which urged me in youth to my first great
step in life, and accompany them with accounts of the
little adventures in which I was engaged;—or will
you receive them as an additional page in the book of
the human heart, which you have so long and so
faithfully studied? Conscience whispers that there
is a little of the former, and vanity consoles me with
the idea that I may impart a portion of the latter.—
Moreover, my garden is well planted, and I have
finished the walks and grass-plots;—I have literally
nothing to do, and my heart tells me, that all I write
you will read with patience, if not with pleasure.—So
here goes.

For regularity's sake, I may begin by saying, that
my father was from the old country. He was what
is there termed a yeoman, which means one who cul-
tivates a landed property of his own;—he had received
an excellent education in England, and had a strong
turn for agriculture, which he exercised upon a large
farm that he possessed in one of the northern coun-
ties. My mother I never knew, for she died in giving
birth to me. This, the first and greatest misfortune
that ever befel him, altogether unsettled his quiet.—
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to sell his property there, and engage his attention in
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I need not tell you how he succeeded in this latter
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from my birth; my ideas were always cheerful, from
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father as towards a kind and indulgent friend. Can
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exuberant, often audacious?

When I was old enough to be sent to school, I was fixed at the academy where I afterwards became acquainted with you, my respected friend. My father, before he placed me there, had made the most minute inquiries as to its character, and that of our old principal M——; and having once satisfied himself on those points, he resolved never to distract my attention by change of scenes or places; so that I gradually became the oldest scholar, and a person of no small importance. How well do I remember my dear H. your little spare delicate figure, pale face and hectic flush, as old M. brought you into the play ground, and entrusted you to my protection; your blue eyes turned up towards me, and then surveying my dimensions at the word 'protect,' as if to judge of my capability for so great a charge. But why need I dwell on this, or on the following six years. I dare say you will no more forget my unlucky pranks, my battles, and my bruises out of school, and my floggings within; than I shall lose the recollection of your mild and gentle disposition, your persevering industry, the rectitude of your principles, and the discrimination of your understanding. Let me rather keep to the matter in hand—the origin of my nautical inclinations. You must have well known the copy of Hakluyt's Voyages, which our old master had in his library, plentifully adorned with cuts. Over these cuts I used to pore whenever I could get hold of the book; from them I turned to the work, to explain to me any thing which I could not understand in the pictures, and by degrees I found myself over head and ears in voyages, adventures, difficulties, discoveries, and acquisitions; in short I imbibed the most intense and vehement desire for a nautical life. I became a castle-builder, and all my day dreams, to say nothing of those by night, ran upon scenes connected with a sailor's life. I may say, that it raged like a fire within me, and even you, who knew my inmost soul, and could better than any one else away my wayward fancies, even your remonstrances and affectionate dissuaves failed to weaken my purpose. The death of my excellent and lamented parent, at the very time that I had made up my mind to address him upon the subject, at first stunned me, and I was overwhelmed with grief. The sorrows of youth however are easily assuaged; my master passion overruled every other feeling, and after the first burst I began to think of the increased probability of executing my heartfelt wish. A few months brought over my uncle, now become my sole guardian and protector; and here can I forget the real anguish I experienced at the thought of parting from my quiet and attached friend and protegee. Not the prospect of visiting the splendid mother country of which I had formed so magnificent an idea; not the anticipated pleasure of crossing the sea, my favourite element; not even the increased hope of attaining the profession for which my soul longed, could console me for the loss of my peaceful and gentle friend, who had so frequently soothed me in my moments of irritation, advised me when the head was not following the dictates of the heart, and assisted me in every difficulty, whether scholastic or personal. The hours that we remained together seemed too short for us. We promised to each other perpetual and unalterable friendship. You implored me to deliberate before I determined upon a course which seemed to you so dreadful, and so peculiarly replete with dangers to a fool-hardy lad; and my anxiety for you was, lest your weak spirit should be oppressed when I should no longer be near to fight your battles. Part, however, we must. My uncle, who had lost no time in settling our affairs, sold all the property my father had possessed, and turned it into merchandise, with which he freighted the vessel that was to take us to England, and amidst sighs and tears, protestations and hopes, I left you and the shores of America for many a year.

And now I come to the disaster which attended my very first experience of a sailor's life. We departed

from Boston, as you may recollect, about the middle of August, a delightful period in the present times; but at the time of my return to England, a voyage across the Atlantic was both more tedious and more formidable. We did not near the European shores till the latter end of September, and unfortunately were overtaken by a tremendous gale from the westward, just as we made the northern coast of Ireland. At first the master stood out to sea again, as not daring to get too near a lee-shore in so strong a gale; but the weather moderating, he put in again. Our destination was Whitehaven, but hardly had we rounded the Malin head, which is the northernmost point of the island, ere it came on again from the north west with redoubled violence. Full well do I recollect the visages of the honest master, and my poor uncle. Insurances were not so frequently effected in those days as they are at present; in our case there was not a dollar secured upon either ship or cargo. She was deep laden, and laboured heavily so that the master durst not carry canvass on her to his wish, and all he could hope was that the wind might not come round to the southward, and prevent his getting into his port. In this the worthy man was doomed to be disappointed—miserably and fatally disappointed. The gale had subsided considerably, and there was a lull, though with a heavy swell, indicative in most cases that the storm was over; we had been hove to, during the worst, but more canvass was put upon her, and we proceeded. It was night, and the vessel was slipping through the water at a moderate rate, but rolling dreadfully; suddenly she was laid on her beam ends on the starboard side; a tremendous crash ensued, and she rose heavily up again, amidst the cries and dismay of the people upon her decks, mingled with the whistling of the wind which now blew tempestuously from the south. She had been taken aback by a sudden and violent gust, and now presented a dreadful wreck; her three topmasts had been snapped close by the caps, and now dangled by the rigging, as she rolled in the trough of a green and white sea, threatening death or mutilation to any one who should be so hardy as to approach to clear them away.

I was among the first of the passengers on deck at this tremendous crisis; the night was fearfully dark, except at moments when the white curl on the top of the waves were made awfully manifest; and the apparent gloom was increased by the flickering lights of lanterns, which appeared to flit about of their own volition from place to place. The howling of the wind and the whistling sound as it passed between the parts of the rigging, the gruff hailings of the officers and seamen in the performance of their arduous duties, mingled with the blast, and the whole presented a scene which would have appalled many a soul. Yet, will you believe it, H.? Yes, you will believe it, that though I felt confused at first, I had not the slightest sensation of fear on the occasion. On the contrary, as soon as I had so far recovered from my first surprise as to ascertain the nature of the misfortune, I went up to the master and asked him if I could render any service. His first reply was a short and angry 'no,' and 'get out of the people's way;' but the kind hearted old man immediately checked himself, turned round and patted my head, saying, 'yes my good boy, go and relieve Bob at the lee wheel, and that will give us a hand more useful than yours, about the deck.' I complied with alacrity, more pleased at the idea of being a useful member of the ship, than apprehensive of any consequences that might ensue from the present misfortune.

The gale continued to blow with the utmost violence, and little could be done towards clearing away the wreck until daylight should enable them to see their way; in the meanwhile, though the vessel was laid to as well as we were able, yet having no way through the water, and with a strong wind and tide setting towards the north, we were driven to the leeward of

Carrickfergus, into which port it had been intended to run her. In the course of the day much was done in getting rid of the topmasts and rigging, though they were obliged to be cut away on account of the violence of the gale, and the dreadful pitching and rolling of the vessel. The foresail close reefed was then set, and she was put before the wind, with the intent to get into the Clyde. This was wrong, and it proved the greatest misfortune. The wind again veered more towards the west, and a tremendous sea striking our larboard quarter carried away the rudder. The shock threw the helmsman over the wheel, who in his descent knocked me over; and now for the first time I became sensible of the real danger of our situation. We were now adrift upon a rough sea, at the entire mercy of the winds and waves, the men exhausted by the length and extremity of their previous labors, the ship leaky with straining, incapable of guidance, and we without the power to set about any temporary expedient. Death was around us, on all sides, except the solitary and forlorn hope that we might drive into smoother water. Vain hope—her fate was decided! For fear of the worst, it now became necessary to get the boats out; and this, in the state of the weather, of the ship, and of the people, was a most difficult task; we were little better than a log on the water, sometimes before the wind, sometimes broached to, the sea driving in complete sheets over the decks, and the footing hardly possible even to seamen. The operation was however accomplished, without the loss of any but the jolly boat, which had been washed away from the stern when we lost the rudder.

And now hopes and fears were swallowed up in horrible certainty, as we perceived the vessel nearing gradually, but too surely the Craig of Ailsa, a large circular mass of rock against which the waves were dashing, and driving the foam many fathoms above its summit. The master ordered every one to get into the boats and endeavor to make towards the north-east. All obeyed the injunctions,—my poor uncle, sinking under the consciousness that his orphan nephew's all was fast approaching to destruction under his guardianship, and that even the life itself of all around was held but by a frail tenure. My feelings were like those of a person in a dream; I seemed to be sensible that all those horrible images were about me, but as if I doubted their reality. We got into the boats however, which were beating frightfully against the vessel's side, when to our consternation as well as sorrow, the old master refused to come in. We begged and entreated, but he calmly declared his determination to share the fate of his vessel, be it what it might. Before further remonstrances could be made, or more forcible steps could be taken to alter his resolution, he suddenly cut the painter of the last boat, waved his hat, fervently cried, 'God bless you all'—and, we never saw him more.

We followed his instructions in endeavoring to get towards the Ayrshire coast, but had too soon an opportunity of seeing the poor Mary Jane dash right against the Ailsa Craig, where she went into a thousand pieces. For our own parts, after many hours of hard labor, in which all partook except my uncle, who had sunk into insensibility, we were so fortunate as to get into a small bay to the northward of Kirkoswald. The inhabitants of the neighborhood had for some time seen us, and awaited our landing, where we received the most heartfelt kindness, and every comfort which it was in their power to administer. In due time we proceeded, with heavy hearts indeed, yet still with feelings of gratitude to heaven for our preservation, to my uncle's residence at Hull.

Many and deep were the regrets of the good man, that his imaginary sagacity, in turning all my inheritance into valuable merchandise, had been the means of reducing me to beggary. His upright soul long refused to be comforted. The reflection that the only child of the brother he loved should, by his mismanage-

ment and imprudence, as he always termed it, be cast from ease and affluence, upon a world of cares and difficulties, was bitter to his sensible heart. 'But no, my poor boy,' said he, 'it shall not be so. Through me you have lost your little all, and upon me you shall have the right to build another inheritance. You shall enter my counting-house with my own sons, and share with them in whatsoever I may be blessed by Divine Providence.'

Here was honest, pure, genuine affection, and liberality; without a thought that any thing could be objectionable in such an arrangement, he consoled his benevolent heart with the idea, that though I had lost a parent and a fortune, he could and would be a parent and fortune. Good man! He little imagined that the workings of my soul were of a mixed nature, and that the gratitude which I really felt for his kindness, was checked by my fears that I should not be permitted to follow the sea. Yes, my dear H., that craving passion was as vehement as ever. Not the dangers from which I had just escaped, not the dread of my uncle's displeasure, not the whispered recollection of your affectionate remonstrances at parting, could diminish aught of that insatiable longing after a course of life, of which I had yet seen nothing but disastrous effects. For the present, however, I held my peace, not deeming it either proper or politic to urge a request which was likely to be unpleasant at any time, but peculiarly so now, with all our dangers and misfortunes green in my uncle's recollection.

I was now in the 'old world' assuredly, but it was a new world to me. The scenes, the habits, the manners, all were strange, all essentially different from the quiet mansion of my father in Massachusetts, and from the noisy uniformity of our school in Boston. But every thing around me, with which I came in collision, 'in thought, word or deed,' added fuel to the flame that burnt within me. Hull, or more properly, Kingston-upon-Hull, an important sea-port on the east coast of England, was constantly receiving into her capacious harbors, or sending forth, well freighted vessels of every dimension and class; but her chief commerce was to the ports of the Baltic, or to the White Sea, a few ships to the West Indies, the American Colonies, and the Mediterranean: but her staple article was whale oil, and the strength of her capital was in the Greenland and Davies' Straits Fishery. Every day, my delightful heart and my searching eyes were gratified, by visiting some vessel or other from foreign shores, my situation in my uncle's counting-house even giving facilities for the encouragement of that ever craving, never satisfied desire to explore foreign and unknown regions of the earth.

Yet I well remember, it was no consideration of wealth or emolument, which caused that all-absorbing feeling. Such a result never crossed my ideas. My romantic soul would have scorned the very notion. But, besides the voyages of old Hakluyt, I had read various others; and Columbus, and his successors from Spain, together with Vasco de Gama, Drake, Hudson, and others, haunted my brain. I was continually discovering new lands, taking possession in the name of my country, civilizing the natives, legislating for the community, cultivating the soil,—in short, doing wonders beyond the skill of mortal man. Danger!—what was danger? Every distinguished man had encountered and surmounted danger! And why might not I arrive to as great distinction as any one before me? I had been shipwrecked in my very entry upon the stage of active life, and escaped without harm,—a plain proof that I was not born to be drowned. Thus argued I, or rather, with such sophistry did I, at the age of fifteen, satisfy myself.

My eagerness, at length, got the better of my patience. Finding my uncle, one afternoon, in a more than usually cheerful mood, I ventured to unfold my anxious wishes before him. I told him how long and how earnestly I had desired to commence a sea-life,—

how I had intended to obtain my dear father's permission, if he had not been so suddenly snatched away from me,—that my inclinations were so strong, that nothing on earth could overcome them,—in short, all my rhetoric was brought to bear in favor of my scheme.

My uncle heard me to an end without replying, but when I looked up in his face at the close of my speech, I perceived his brows knit into a most formidable frown, and every feature indicating the deepest displeasure, mixed with sorrow. 'Wretched, unhappy boy,' said he, 'I know too well that your inclinations point to that desperate, that deplorable profession in life. How, indeed, could I, as an indifferent person,—to say nothing of the relation in which I stand towards you,—be ignorant of that which engrosses your whole soul and actions. I have long seen it, but have purposely abstained from noticing, what I hoped you would never have the courage to propose to me, and that it might gradually die away. Presumptuous boy! Have you so soon forgot the signal deliverance which you have experienced, and which ought to be a striking lesson to you in particular, that a sailor's life is not properly yours. It is unnecessary,—it is a tempting of Providence,—never speak of it again,—for it shall never have my sanction.'

With these words he abruptly quitted the room, and left me overwhelmed with mortification and confusion. I saw that my plans were overturned, and my hopes crushed at once. I knew my uncle too well to hope that he would relent, and that like my poor father he was firm of purpose. Still I did not entirely despair; by degrees I wrought myself into the conviction, that it was actually unjust to thwart an inclination so fixed and strong as mine;—and thus fortified, and with a longing which opposition increased to a morbid feeling, I determined, at length, to betake myself to sea without his consent. To do this in Hull, however, was not easy. My uncle's connexions were of the most extensive description, and I myself had been thrown in their way, in the course of his business. I had, therefore, little chance of getting into a ship at this port;—but having made up my mind to go, the when and the where were minor considerations.

My project was presently made up for a Greenland trip, and I resolved, that to lull the suspicions of my uncle, I would keep close to the desk, not mix with shipping business, save where in the routine of duty I must, and, about the time of the Greenland ships going out, make my escape to Whitby, and endeavor to enter myself on board of the first vessel that should depart. This done, and the thing being irretrievable, I felt assured that my uncle's affection would not allow him to cast me off; but that he would then endeavor to forward me in a line of life, into which I should have become inevitably cast.

It is amazing how comfortable one feels, when the details of a grand project are settled, notwithstanding that the plan and all its parts are one-sided. I saw, through the long vista of time, visions of fame and splendor, in which my name would be wafted to every corner of the earth. My uncle and his forebodings I quite forgot, or if I thought of him, it was as one confessing that he had erred in judgment, when he thought of curbing so noble and enterprising a spirit as mine had proved to be. I remained, therefore, very quietly during the winter,—made no inquiries about shipping, and succeeded so far in soothing poor uncle's apprehensions, that he gave me credit for endeavoring to overcome my predilections, and sometimes conferred upon me marks of approbation, for which my heart smote me grievously,—yet still I held fast to my resolution.

I had diligently saved all money which my uncle's bounty bestowed upon me, and early on the morning of the 26th February, 17—, with a beating heart, but a fixed will, I set off on foot for Whitby. I carried no luggage, I had no incumbrance to check the activity of my limbs. My purse in my pocket and my stick

in my hand, I plodded rapidly along, determined to take no long rest until I should reach that sea-port. I did so, late at night, and very much fatigued; yet still I did not retire to bed at the little inn, till I had inquired which was the first ship for Greenland. I was answered by the landlord, 'Oh! Besom Bob got the *Circe* out of the harbor this afternoon's tide. I dare say he'll clear to-morrow, or next day at farthest, and he's sure to start if there be but a cap-full of wind.' 'And who is Besom Bob?' replied I,—surprised at the novelty of the name. 'Why where the d—! are you from, that don't know Besom Bob? Every body knows him! The boldest fellow, and the luckiest fellow, and the best fellow that ever sailed out of Whitby, I'll be sworn.' I changed the conversation, determined to ask no more at present, but resolved to see this 'Besom Bob' in the morning. I, therefore, went off to my bed, where I dreamed of nothing but floating ice, and monsters which I called whales.

Next morning I paid my bill, and walked away to a shop-seller's store;—bought a jacket and trousers, which I put on immediately, and promised to fetch my other things away presently. I then went and found 'Besom Bob,' whose real name and title was Captain Scoles of the Bark '*Circe*.' I offered my services. He looked hard at me for a minute, at length he demanded, 'Have you ever been at sea, my lad?' I replied, 'only a voyage across the Atlantic.' 'Oh, ho!' said he, 'a Yankee;—where were you raised?' I replied, 'in Massachusetts, but that my father was dead.' 'Poor lad,' said he, 'well let's look at you,—can you go aloft?' 'Yes,' replied I, readily and with truth, 'any where, in any weather.' 'Hem!—ah!—I dare say,—smart boy,—those hands, youngster, never smelt tar.'

I made no reply. After considering a little, he looked keenly in my face, 'Lookee, my lad,' said he, 'I can see as far into a millstone as the man that trimmed it,—I guess how the windsits.—But, howsoever, all that's nothing to me,—are you willing to work if I take you?' I protested my wish so to do, and he replied, 'well, my lad, I do think you will do your best;—so come along, and I'll enter your name;—and it shall go hard, but you shall know what a sea-life is before long, if you don't know it already.' I followed him in silence, confounded at his penetration, to his house, signed articles, and received directions to be waiting with my chest and bedding in the afternoon, when he would take me on board. I then went and purchased necessities, of the nature of which I was well acquainted, through my experience in Hull,—kept my appointment with Captain Scoles,—went on board with him;—up went the anchor,—and out we sailed with a fine south west breeze for Greenland, to the whale fishery.

Captain Scoles, or 'Besom Bob,' as he was popularly called, was a remarkable character; he—but he ought not to come in at the end of a paper.

SHAKSPEARE'S JULIET.

One of the peculiar excellencies of Shakspeare's genius is, the felicity with which he sketches his female characters. The ambition of Lady Macbeth is only equalled by her determined resolution; all the softness of the woman is lost in the great struggle for her husband's success, and even maternal affection—unconquerable except in the instances of ambition and revenge—is quenched in the all absorbing efforts to obtain the crown.

In the more tender delineations of feminine character his genius is equally triumphant. The propriety of Juliet's passion for Romeo has been questioned by some writers, and they assert that her love for 'the Montague' is too rapid, and too openly avowed; an opinion which they have founded on the passage—
"If thou thinkest I am too quickly won."

But these are cavillings which fade before a sound insight into the character of Shakespeare's writings. As a dramatic poet he has achieved what no man has done before, or since—and in his writings, compared with those of his successors, he has left them, though backed with education and experience, immeasurably behind!

The grand features of his dramas are their accordance with nature; and even his seeming inconsistencies in particular passages, are derived from and explained by this genuine unity.

The character of Juliet, therefore, may be ranked as one of Shakespeare's most perfect delineations,—eminent in feminine loveliness and affection, confident, tender, constant!

The triumph of the actress in the representation of Juliet is—to embody the love she bears to Romeo, with that chaste feeling of maiden delicacy which the bard has evidently intended,—and it is this kindred stamp of genius which gives to the impersonation of Juliet by Miss Kemble an interest the most intense. We follow her in her passion from its dawn;—her, the gentle Juliet! whose life had flowed calm as a summer's lake, till love 'threw in his talisman and woke the tide.' From the hour when she feels the assurance that she is loved 'by him she loves,' heart, thought, mind, soul, all are devoted to the nursing of that passion.

In the course of our theatrical experience,—some five-and-twenty years, the representation of this play has frequently invited our attention; but during the whole of this period, though we may have witnessed the impersonations of numerous 'fair Capulets,' we have never seen as yet but two of Shakespeare's Juliets. Miss Kemble's is the last! and the grace and exquisite delicacy with which she leaves the stage in company with the Friar, and him 'whose love's the boundary of her thoughts,' is one of her very happiest conceptions.

The character abounds in traits of female loveliness, but which require the promethean touch of genius to elicit their brilliancies; and Miss Kemble, with a success unparalleled in dramatic history, has in this and similar characters given to the bard's creations an interest unknown before. It is this Midemean power alone which can embody the conceptions of the dramatic poet, and not a mere affair of memory. The beauty of Miss Kemble's Juliet arises from the natural graces with which she clothes the part; and the actress who can thus 'play up' to nature, evidences talent of no ordinary stamp.

ENGLISH PARTIALITY FOR FLOWERS.—The nation altogether has a particular love for trees and flowers. The lord has, in his parks, oaks of a thousand years' growth, untouched by the axe, hot-houses full of exotic plants, exquisite fruits, and the rarest flowers; there is not a cottage in England which has not before it a little piece of ground for the cultivation of flowers; and even the poor town-imprisoned artisan works at his loom in sight of pots of flowers, placed on the window sill (with a mind no less generous than my lord's) in order that the passengers also may enjoy the sight of them. The love of flowers is in itself a great sign of civilisation.

TYROLESE EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE.—The Golden Adler at Innsbruck, independently of being the house where Hofer lodged, is a primitive inn, at once cheap and comfortable. Having paid our very

moderate bill, (leaving a gratuity for the servants) the chambermaid came into our room, and, seizing our hand, kissed it! We did not recollect at the moment that this was the customary way of expressing gratitude in such cases. We were hurried, indeed, and taken at a loss; and, in short, without an idea of gallantry, or anything else, but simply from not knowing how to act on the occasion, we returned the salute on the damsel's cheek. She appeared to be grateful for the new compliment, and, curtsying low, thanked us again, and withdrew.

THE ISRAELITES IN EGYPT.

FAIR wast thou, Egypt, O, surpassing fair!
Thy beauteous brow, endiamed with flowers,
The song and music, breath'd in thy sweet air,
And time was ever young in thy bright bowers.
Fair were the fruits that courted the dry lip,
Rosey the wine that bade the captive sip,
Beauteous the scenes that in thy bosom lie,
But we beheld them with a captive's eye,
Scorning thy gifts, and looking for the hand,
Which from our hearts should rend oppression's band,
From deep distressing bondage set us free,
Give us the wilderness and liberty!

HOAR-FROST.

What dream of beauty ever equalled this?
What bands from fairy lands have sallied forth,
With snowy foliage from the abundant North,
With imagery from the realms of bliss!
What visions of my boyhood do I miss
That here are not restored! All splendour pure,
All loveliness, all graces that allure;
Shapes that amaze; a paradise that is,—
Yet was not,—will not in few moments be:
Glory from nakedness, that playfully
Mimics with passing life each summer boon;
Clothing the ground—replenishing the tree;
Weaving arch, bower, and delicate festoon;
Still as a dream—and like a dream to flee!

LOVE.

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For, could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality,—
Translate to earth the joys above,
For nothing goes to heaven but love.

INDIAN WOMEN.—Take them in a body, and the Indian women are as destitute of real beauty as those of any nation I ever saw, although there are some few of them when young who are tolerable; but the care of a family, added to their constant hard labour, soon make the most beautiful among them look old and wrinkled, even before they are thirty, and several of the more ordinary ones at that age are perfect antidotes to the tender passion. Ask a Northern Indian, What is beauty? He will answer, A broad flat face, small eyes, high cheek bones, three or four black lines across each cheek, a low forehead, a large broad chin, a hook nose, and a tawny hide. These beauties are greatly heightened, or at least rendered more valuable, if the possessor is capable of dressing all kinds of skins, and able to carry eight or

ten stone in summer, and to haul a far greater weight in winter. Such and similar accomplishments are all that are sought after or expected in a Northern Indian woman. As to their temper, it is of little consequence, for the men have a wonderful facility in making the most stubborn comply with as much alacrity as could be expected from those of the mildest and most obliging turn of mind.—*Herne's Journey to the Copper Mine River.*

ARABS OF THE NILE.—They are gay, witty, vivacious, and very susceptible and acute. It is difficult to render them miserable, and a beneficent government might find in them the most valuable subjects. A delightful climate is some compensation for a grinding tyranny. Every night as they row along the moonlit river, the boatmen join in a melodious chorus, shouts of merriment burst from each illuminated village, every where are heard the sounds of laughter and of music, and wherever you stop you are saluted by the dancing girls.—*Centarint Fleming.*

SWISS POLITENESS.—At St. Gall we noticed a custom which is particularly annoying to the shy and retiring Englishman. Every soul in the town thinks it a bounden duty to salute a stranger by pulling off the hat. We had been accustomed to this civility on the part of the country-people on the road; but here in the street, or wherever you meet with the inhabitants, you must go through the ceremony with every body who has a hat to doff. On foot, or in a carriage—nothing is a protection; morning, noon, and night, you must stand to be bowed at by the whole population.—*Heath's Picturesque Annual.*

To —.

I love you, lady Mary, dearly,
I've told you so a thousand times,
In all my notes 'twas hinted clearly,
And said expressly in my rhymes.
I think your voice is very sweet,
I think your eyes are very blue,
You have the dearest little feet,
And you've a winning way with you.
But, do you know, sweet lady Mary,
You're very, very visionary?
Oh yes! for you're in love with me!
I'm very glad of it, I'm sure,
But then you are not rich, you see,
And I—you know—I'm very poor.
'Tis true that I can drive a tandem,
'Tis true that I can turn a sonnet,
'Tis true I leave the law at random,
When I should study, (plague upon it.)
I wait (you told me so) divinely,
I know the color for a glove,
I think I flatter (don't I?) finely,
And I'm the deuce at making love;
But this is not (excuse me) money,
(A thing they give for house and land,)
And we must eat in matrimony,
And love is neither bread nor honey,
And so—you understand!

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